UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

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VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY, 8 1843. WHOLE NO. 1145.

Original Poetry.

THE BETRAYED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST BY ORLANDO GEORGE.

No—being not a physician's lover, for ours seem all too so
To soothe the sickness of the soul—the canker of the heart
No more to pause here let me rest; who writes yet in my chair
My morning spirit to this clay—this tenement of pain?
Why seek to bring the roses back to this pale cheek, or why
To light the flash of lovish signs, in Death's dull, leaden gaze yet
Not thoughts were nearest maidens now—what! shall I linger still,
When he has spoil his keenest shafts, and spent his power to kill?
For could I hear this sad, false, and bearing it, still live,
What other use has earth for me—what space to give?
This cruel'd life's most holy hopes—this sunless dread of ruin
To all that lately chose as fair before my ravish'd view
Why seek to bring the roses back to this pale cheek, or why
To light the flash of lovish signs, in Death's dull, leaden gaze yet
Not thoughts were nearest maidens now—what! shall I linger still,
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What other use has earth for me—what space to give?
This cruel'd life's most holy hopes—this sunless dread of ruin
To all that lately chose as fair before my ravish'd view
This fount effectless flowers—the blasting of the bloom
Of being's early, extreme—for, such were then winter's doom
And the depth of my dearest dreams—but what? shall I linger still,
Linger still, and bear it formed to learn it still, more convincing more than steel
And yet there's a painful charm the counsel with what I feel—
I feel—
A charm in the dark despair that thrills my bosom now.
Though thousand hours are stamping there a yet more hideous woe
Have I not kept my blighted worst unbroken from the gaze of the world?
Did I not claim upon him spe, when fate was threatening me with ruin?
What other channel has troubled mind where drooping and forlorn
When faithless the sullen hour on him the burning gloom of scorn
When could was there fixed on brow, and swarthy cruelty in shade,
What other mien had I ever seen but mine—what agony like mine?
Ah! there's the dark despair that thrills my bosom now.
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Original Tales.

OLD VIRGINIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST BY BRYAN SMYTH.

In passing from New Orleans to New York, by the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, the traveller may select one of two lines in the old dominion—either by stage or horse, ascend the western declivities of the Appalachian range of Mountains, delighting his eye at every turn of the road with a glorious display of forest, wood and water, in which the rich scenery of the land, in the bright emblem-ing of the western sun-shine, and, perhaps, a mellowing haze, presents the banned picture of those lovely, the gifted Lands-capes of ancient Italy. It is true, there are no embellishments of the chivalric age,—no towering battle-ments nor baronial turrets—no scenes of ancient renown, and of deeds of arms, but there are not connected with nor storied dome acts or actions by picturesque by influcing the contrast of present renown or that which is gone by, and which is left to theology—alike in the music of this deity! He was not known to be present to relieve of the parties in conflicting hopes—no more a modern date, however, was the gay mansion of this respectable mansion, but bright and elegant figure moved with the stately fal dignity which claimed respect as much as it commanded pleasure, and the laces, ruffles, an- home of her ancestors—somewhere between Addison and Washington. The portraits on the walls, too, might have been the handiwork of Sir Peter Lely—so much had a younger—and though the full length were certainly the portraits of accomplished gentlemen, the lineaments were still highly ornamental they betokened like beauty in peaceful ravishing delight—and the lambs, so very natural, that the very sight of them seemed to awaken a sympathetic sound, and if he could see them, would no doubt certainly and reasonably take the poor lamb-kin.

Heedless of all the formality around her, Clarissa rushed into the presence of her aunt, kitching her neck with both her own delicate hands in fond, and leaving her cousins and their noble equire far back in the entrance. She anticipated the gentle admonition that gentle mistress was to her immediate relation, who was far from approving of the deficiency of etiquette—and freedom of female manners which a modern age has introduced into the world, which is condemned, has sometimes extended to undecorum. But she knew the gentleness of her aunt's nature, and was sure of her forgiveness—and she was not deceived, and sometimes succeeded, to mitiate and adapt that lady-like dignity of demeanor which adds a modest charm to beauty, and which, indeed, is the best and truest introduction to society as regards. I must carry her to Eastenton, Richmond, Baltimore, and perhaps even New York. She must be polished and improved by the varied extensive circle of fair relations. I wish to see her admired by a train of the best city beauties—I wish to see her the cynosure of eyes—the observed of observers—the model to envy—the object to emulate—and then I have determined—I will bring her back to the shades of her native home, already eminent at the counties—but relative to the next county, talented and popular, and whose family ranks among the very first in the whole county—but he is yet at his studies, and I do not wish them yet to cease. His superior merit will at any time decide her choice—and Clarissa is to my sensible and attractive that which they must, they must love each other—for I am sure will be captivated so much as to see her.

The author of all this expose- his name and source as the lady must on such her session, and ladies she was done thought himself considerely humbled and mortified—it was to no purpose to tell the gentleman that Clarissa and Admiral it she already loved another. He was in that awful condition described by Othello, who doubts yet adores. Poor himself he had fixed his hopes of happiness on her, whose destiny was determined, the bride of a rich and powerful lords.

The congenial temperament of the human heart, that in which it luxuriates and is happy, is certainly that of friendship and attachment, and in the intercourse of life how often does it happen, that our nearest and dearest friends entertain opinions, or undertake pursuits with which we cannot agree and must sometimes disapprove! Shall we dissolve our amity, shall we abandon and break the thousand links of pleasurable habit so dear to the sympathetic heart for one unpleasant disagreement? Let us have patience with each other. To Admiral Gerbier as the philosophy of life. To my friend, to forgive, forget, thrive, and Arthur Ashton, for such was our lover's name, resolved at once, however painful the struggle might be, to forego his dearest hopes—to check the current of his heart's blood, to yield his wishes to maternal ambition, and to make the sublime sacrifice on the altar of selfhood, which a constant mate—himself and all his mortal hopes for the prosperity and happiness of her he loves.

He determined therefore to succeed every thought and emotion from Clarissa and her mother until he had conquered himself, and aided them in the accomplishment of the ambitious views which they entertained. He resolved as much as possible to avoid her society, and to seek in field pursuits, in study or in travel, that relief to the depression of his feelings which the bitterness of the child mingled with the dignity of the lady, and the playfulness of the girl with the matured and graceful the pride of the woman. Admired and courted in her own youth by the gallant gentlemen of a gallant age, loved for her beauty and her talents—and Lucy's successor, she to the opinions of those terms, to still more circumference and service by the wealth and antiquity of her connections, she had cast out from her heart that daughter should aspire and succeed to the same place in society, which she had filled, and she hoped to see her daughter become the object of the courtly adoration and the observed of all observers. She had always looked around in every family and circle of importance in the country, who gave her, by letters, a proper account of the manners, habits, talents and prospects of every heir in the adjoining county, and at a distance. Her list one gradually filled, and she only wished till their minorities were sufficiently passed to open the palaces and gates of Bellegrove Hall, to all young and knightly ardents at the shrine of beauty and wealth.

Bellegrove Hall, the family mansion, was situated on a rising ground with a southern aspect, overlooking the extensive and almost illimitable forest which bounded its fields and woods and came down far away in the horizon toward the ocean, and which from the eleven oppressed an unveiled breast. Its front was of brick and had in it a range of mountains, whose forms changed with every moment, and every spectator, and presented, to their different outlines, every contour which could please the lover of natural scenery. The valleys and glades between the mountains were of the most picturesque sort, and animated by the cattle pastoring on the banks, formed panoramas of such surpassing beauty, that no tourist could resist the temptation to visit the garden of Paradise, to give any adequate idea of the scenery. From the tops of those mountains the eye took in a vast extent of country, and the mind that was lost in the far distance, entailed by the immense wide summits of greater elevations, where "Alps on Alps arose." An Indian pipe could be heard from the hall, where shaded from the summer sun through room in the winter by the roar and bluster—and shadowing pleasure and comfort—the family circle you might repose to forget-ten care and listen to the harp and the piano from the adjoining saloon—or with the drawing and dining-rooms—and in this latter, a cheerful fire in the winter's evening, would furnish a calm refreshing and delicate entertainment. The airy saloon opened into this abode, where, when the heat of the day had subsided, the inmates would walk with no emotions to the outward forms of joy and beauty, which dazzled and danced to the sound of the violin and bandoneon, and there, to the music of the Spanish Reel and "Charley on the Watch," in the midst of modern Waltzes, Solos, Duets-gers and ballads—to the thousand and their visitors, and the heart—"—"

Such was the home of the lovely Clarissa Ashton, and such the scene—we are charmed with her wished and kind address, the polite manner, the high born hospitality and the fascinating social goodness of the Ashtons' gentle-women and we feel as we advance to old Westmoreland and Mount Vernon, more assured that we are in the midst of the relics, I found society, the ruins of a previous age of civilization more and refined though simple manners which surrounded me, that I had not met for years—that the daughter should aspire and succeed to the same place in society, which she had filled, and she hoped to see her daughter become the object of the courtly adoration and the observed of all observers. She had always looked around in every family and circle of importance in the country, who gave her, by letters, a proper account of the manners, habits, talents and prospects of every heir in the adjoining county, and at a distance. Her list one gradually filled, and she only wished till their minorities were sufficiently passed to open the palaces and gates of Bellegrove Hall, to all young and knightly ardents at the shrine of beauty and wealth.

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In this delightful region, then resided the delightful Lady Colepepper and now her beloved little daughter Clarissa—in that region so favorable to the growth of which the attributes of the child mingled with the dignity of the lady, and the playfulness of the girl with the matured and graceful the pride of the woman. Admired and courted in her own youth by the gallant gentlemen of a gallant age, loved for her beauty and her talents—and Lucy's successor, she to the opinions of those terms, to still more circumference and service by the wealth and antiquity of her connections, she had cast out from her heart that

The children, delighted, quitted the parlor to execute her pleasing commission, and so got a holiday.

"Etienne, sir," said Job, "has, if I may be so bold, where shall we teach the needy, and know all about it?"

"Here is the card of my correspondent, Messrs. Smith, Robinson and Jones, of Liverpool, Lancashire. They will be glad to see you, and receive a client in consequence, if that will suit your convenience, when they will give you every information and put you in possession of the funds. They don't understand me to say, that if you should require any money, that I am to advance it."

"That's handsome, as any race," replied Job; "never refuse ready money. Spose you up a few pun notes."

"Anything you please," said the obliging gentleman; and taking out his pocket-book, took a note of the amount required, from a bundle of the same denomination.

"What a long you've got there!" remarked Job, surprised. "I don't recollect ever seeing such a long 'un before. Is it a present from your mother?"

He knew a young friend had his legs, and the superciliious Job, deeming himself that his visitor was laughing at his dress, resented the advance. And had really no intention of insulting, and Job and Mrs. Cole both proved the honor of the bargain in order to partake of its hospitality; nor be politely declined, promising to avail himself of their invitation when the business was finally settled.

PART II.

At least half an hour before the appointed time, Job and his wife were encountering Lincoln's Inn Fields, to discover the office of Messrs. Smith, Robinson, and Jones. They both appeared in their Sunday clothes, with every appearance of comfort. Job's client, black, notably crop of hair being surmounted with a new beaver, rather rough from the admixture of rubbed down, and contrived by a broad ribband and a steel buckle; his ruddy, clean-washed face met off to advantage by a canary-colored kerchief handkerchief, his shirt-collar, in the absence of starch, falling a little

United States SATURDAY POST.

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LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

Nor will receipts from any other be acknowledged by us.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilson.

☞ The Agents of Harper, of Wright, of Peterson, of Dick, in our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assume to be, *Messrs. Harper & Brothers, J. H. Wright, J. E. Humphreys and J. T. Dow.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Swanson* and *John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LAFFERTY is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Phipps*. *H. Weld, H. Weld, Jr.* and *Jos. Henry Phipps*.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to collect subscriptions for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies may also be had of his stores in Nashville.*

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for July, being the Artist and Lady's World combined, is literally a splendid affair. The leading embellishment is a steel-cut by Sartain, after an original picture by Leutze, illustrating a story by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Esq. The painting represents a young man leaning over a precipice to gather a flower, while two ladies, on whom he is apparently conversing, look with fear from the back above. The scene reminds us of the beautiful tradition of the naming of the Forget Me Not. A lover's story, during the flowering of spring, on the side of a precipice admired its beauty, when she bent forward the cliff to pluck it, but, just as he touched it, he slipped over and fell, but with his raised his eyes to his mistress' face and cried "forget me not." Around the artistically executed steel-cut, and colored rose, one of Mr. Sartain's exquisite designs. The fashions are pretty, and colored, we notice, in the Lady's style. The music and contents are excellent. Mrs. Stephens begins a fine tale, which promises to be her best. A story from the editor and publisher we gave last week. There is a good translation from the French by Edgar Wayne, and a touching tale by Miss Christiana Hanson. Dr. Ingraham, Mrs. Lawson, T. E. Van Buskirk and others contribute the poetry of the number. The publisher, in fact, has made a decided hit, and if he continues his work in a style even half so beautiful and attractive it must become the leading ladies' magazine. We have noticed among our exchanges several notices of the work.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The very beautiful periodical, the union of the Artist and Lady's World, which have been combined and placed under the editorial charge of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Charles J. Peterson, Esq. The former of the first number of the united Magazine is of the embellishments are unsurpassed in excellence and attractive it must become the leading ladies' magazine. We have noticed among our exchanges several notices of the work.

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THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—This is a periodical formed by the union of the Lady's World and Artist. It is beautifully printed, and embellished with a steel engraving, colored fashions, and other flower pieces and the fashions for July. In style and appearance this work is *fully equal to Godey's Lady's Book*, while *it is published at two dollars per year*.—*U. S. Gazette, Philadelphia.*

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE is a monthly publication, edited by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Charles J. Peterson. The *Artist*, and the *Lady's World* have been united, and the latest ladies' work of the kind that we have seen. The embellishment and colored bonnet of the July number are splendid specimens of the art, and the literary matter is highly spoken of by the press. The present number commences a volume.—*Boston Evening Bulletin.*

MARSHALSEA WEVILL, OR THE MAID'S REVENGE. By *G. P. R. James*. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

Somebody has said that since the death of Sir Walter Scott, there is no novelist who equals Mr. Herbert in the historical romance. We think that the romance of Marmaduke Wyvil unsettling to this remark. The historical characters introduced before us, live and move and speak in the present tense. The author is Louis XIV., we hear the industrious Pauvret, we look on the dark countenance of the Duke of York, and the pure gentleness of the Princess Henrietta Anne Stuart, who was linked to his words. The action of the novel is placed in England, during the great revolution, and the scene is changed from court to camp, and from camp to court, with the uncertainty of the times affords room for many startling and romantic incidents, which, in a more quiet period, would have been improbable; it is, perhaps, the most exciting work that has been published for some months. We need only refer, in proof of what we say, to the escape of Wyvil from the Bastile, and the rescue of Mary from the Tower, and the wild incidents are handled with such dexterity, if not quite all, the graphic power of the author of Wyvil could wish.

This is high praise. But the book is not faultless. The generosity of Alice in bestowing a fortune on Wyvil, in order that he might marry Lucy Hazlehead, after his profess to herself, is scarcely compatible with truth. That set is one barely possible even for a character like Alice. Again, the love question, too, whether a girl like Alice could have maintained such perfect composure at meeting her somewhat lower in the social scale, is a matter of doubt. But the character of Wyvil is admirably drawn. His wavering conduct, and want of principle contrasted with the courage, frankness, and magnanimity are visible daily in ordinary life. We know a dozen Wyvils.

The romance is certainly the best of the season. It has appeared at a favorable moment, when there is a universal demand for the most striking works of fiction to daily in the lighter walks of literature. Marmaduke Wyvil—and this we can say of few novels—will amuse many and instruct all.

CLOBURNE, OR THE FIELD OF THE GOLDEN HARP, AND OTHER POEMS. *By John Augustine Shea. Philadelphia: G. G. Appleton.*—One of the poems in the above volume, entitled *Clobourne*, a woman, and child, to whom those presents may come, has read. It is an address to the Ocean, commencing—

"Likeness of Heaven.
Image of pure eternity,"

and combines the sternest simplicity of language with more sublimity of poetical thought, than almost any one poem in which have met with for many a day. There are many other passages in the volume of almost equal excellence. The author is an enthusiastic admirer of Erin, and believes in the poetical history of the Emerald Isle. The most poem in the book is a celebration of the feats of Brian Boroihme; and to it full justice in the stirring, tender mood for the hour become poetically and tragically Irish. In such a mood, and such alone can a just appreciation be made of Irish poetical genius. Of course this opinion pronounces it of high poetic merit, independent of its Irish character.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY. *By Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D.* Mr. Hoed, the publisher of the Illustrated Common Prayer, announced on this united Sacred History of Our Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ*, to be published in ten successive numbers, the first of which will appear in a few weeks. The Illustrated Common Prayer, by the same publisher will serve as a specimen of the style in which this new work will be issued.

MARK MANLY, OR THE SEXTON'S LAD, is the title of a new tale by Ingraham, just issued for sale by Van Vorx. Many of this author's stories are exceedingly popular.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. *Number 7. Philadelphia: W. H. Graham.*—This number, in point of execution, is a decided improvement upon the last. It brings the subject, *Ave*, down to the Tenth Sunday after Trinity. The illustrations are shown in number, and are from pictures by Thalstrup, Unite, Leutze, Ladies, Spade, Rubens, Flaxman. Thurston, and others, with some originally designed for the edition. The illustrated edition bids fair to be known fairly as a fairly in number, and present a great variety of subjects. The type is beautifully clear and large, and the work in one of the best in each issue of any that issued from the American press.

THE RUSTIC FAMILY, AND OTHER TALES. *By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: Godey & McMichael.* This is a two volume collection of Temperance Stories, by a writer whose practical and touching views have done more to the cause of Temperance, and for the general moral improvement of his readers, at the works of any other writer in the country. There is in Mr. Arthur's creations an argumentation by incident, in favor of the point he aims at, worth all the technicalities, of all logicians, from Aristotle down.

THE ECLECTIC AND MUSEUM. *Philadelphia Littell.* The July number of this work is established with a monetary engraving, representing Cotton Spinning, and a fine mezzotint engraving, by night, the which gave him the first indication of the approach to land. It is a capital engraving. The reading matter is one of the number of the series, excellent.

CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN MONTHLY.—The Foreign Monthly Magazine, for July, is filled with various articles of interest, and is conducting for us an Alabama specimen view of the literature of the month in Great Britain. The publisher promises great improvements in the succeeding numbers—to commence with the next.

GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH.—We are glad to notice that the prosperity of the Germantown Telegraph has been such as to allow the publisher and Editor greatly to enlarge and otherwise improve his paper. The *Telegraph* deserves a no more than the very able style of the management deserved.

NATIONAL HISTORY OF SCIENCE.—The Eighth number of Harpers' Family Library, received by Zieber & Co., contains pp. 241 to 256. A History of Insects, written in a clear and interesting manner, and profusely illustrated with cuts. It is one of the most useful works of the series.

THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE AND DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, for July, has been received by Zieber & Co. It has a portrait of Mr. Benton which does not look much like the original. Also a portrait of President Tyler, which flatters him less. The number is no usual, excellent.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR THE REGIMENT. *By J. G. Kohl. Philadelphia. Carey and Hart.*—This is a valuable and interesting work, and is here presented in a form which will make it most give it a circulation commensurate with its value.

BIBLIOTHECA.—A set of Cato and Hartz' cost and Review is published in this work, and is to be completed with twelve numbers, illustrated with six splendid engravings.

FARMERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA.—Number 10 of this work is published by Grigg & Elliot. The cuts accompanied by an engraving of different descriptions of clover.

The Church Camp Meeting Hymn Book has been published by Zieber & Co. in a cheap form, as the season approaches it will be in demand.

GAMBARA, a Spanish story, by Edmund Flagg, is the title of the last issue of the New World. It is for sale by G. B. Zieber & Co.

Foreign Intelligence.

TWO STEAMSHIPS ARRIVED.

SIXTEEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the Great Western at New York on Saturday, we have foreign intelligence down to the 17th of June from Liverpool, and of correspondingly later dates from London, which is of an interesting and important: and we proceed to give the various facts and rumors here, reserving comments for a future occasion.

The Hibernia arrived at Boston on Sunday, making the passage in less than thirteen days. She leaves Liverpool June the 3d.

The British Cabinet Ministers met on Sunday, the 13th—a most unusual occurrence—and remained in session several hours. The subject of discussion by the Members of the Cabinet, with the exception of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has not transpired, but there was great haste. The affairs of Ireland, it is rumored, was the object of the deliberation. Rumor also says that there would be a dissolution of Parliament to be in favor of peremptory corn-law; another portion, headed by the Premier, averse to it. It is said that the Queen has declared that the Ministry must well—"to the death" of the present ministry; and to the appointment of a new ministry will probably result in the resignation of the present Cabinet.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

The Ireland Arms Bill was to committee of the House of Commons at the latest date, the debate having continued several nights. The bill met with great opposition, the character of this bill is that of a coercive statutes, regulations, which, having long become obsolete, are now about to expire by limitation. The Irish members expect to defeat the bill in Ireland, and even the marking of the name of the proprietor upon a gun; while the possession of dog-cart, pleasure carriage, &c., is to be the subject of a penalty of 110,000*l*.

Letters of sympathy were read from "John Arch-Bishop" of Dublin, and "John Bishop" of Kilmoremoville, in a friendly letter, declined consideration urging repeal; but he is charged with giving a general approval of the object of the meeting—the dissolving.—The proceedings are reported at immense length; but the matter is already familiar with the characteristics of each affair.

The Cabinet Council declined, on Thursday, at the great meeting at Emsa, that the government were more disposed to conciliate than ever, and that if they were prepared to meet the Church from the State of Ireland, he would meet them in the fullest manner. He stated that Peel and the conciliatory party in the Cabinet had not yet retired, but that the Premier's belief is quite the other way, and that the Duke of Wellington is anxious for the former party to be. He had found the greatest number of supporters in the Cabinet, leaving Peel and the moderate party in a minority, and he agree with the Church now would. The Wellesian body have been the chief opponents of the measure, but all classes of Dissenters have combined, and the Church is united.

The Canada Wheat bill was ordered to its third reading in the House of Commons, June 15th, by a vote of 150 to 75. Upon the passage of the measure, a Liverpool paper remarks, under date of June 16th:

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Gems from the Poets.

REMEMBRANCE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage
  As through the world he wends
On every stage from youth to age
  Still discontent attends;
With heaviness he casts his eye
  Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
  The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
  Torn from his mother's arms,—
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
  When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
  And cares where love has no concern;
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
  Before his wished return.
From hard control and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
  In thought he loves to roam,
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers with a sigh
  The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
  Torment the restless mind;
Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
  Its consolation find?
Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
  Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah no! for hopes too long delay'd,
And feelings blasted or betray'd,
  The fabled bliss destroy;
And Youth remembers with a sigh
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,
  And other thoughts come on,
But with the baseless hopes of Youth
  Its generous warmth is gone;
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
  The dull realities of truth;
Back on the past he turns his eye;
Remembering with an envious sigh
  The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
  With feeble step and slow;
New ills that latter stage await,
An old Experience learns too late
  That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
  Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet Age remembers with a sigh
  The days that are no more.

From the Magazines

JUDGE THOMPSON;

A Love Story.

FROM TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

In the spare corner of some newspaper there appeared, a good many years back, a copy of verses of some merit, in which the nameless writer, himself in the hey day of youth and passion, moralizes with tenderness on the common lot, and expresses wonder whether the serene or indifferent old men, whom he saw far advanced on the downward path of life, had ever possessed as warm a heart as his, or been agitated by feelings akin to those which filled his own breast. Following out this train of musing, he comes to the conclusion—

Yes! each has had his dream of joy,
  His own unequalled, pure romance,
Commencing when the blooming boy
  First thrilled to woman's lovely glance.

These fugitive lines were forcibly brought to recollection on perusing the subjoined letters; to which it is our duty to prefix a short explanatory preface.

With all the caution, prudence, and keenness of acquisition, which is said to distinguish our countrymen—be it the acquisition of knowledge, or of pounds, shillings, and pence, dollars, rupees, or pistoles, there is often lurking at the bottom of the heart of the genuine Scotchman, a fund of latent romance, which will sometimes break strongly out where it is in the least expected to exist. Sir Walter Scott, both in the strength and weakness of this character, was an eminent exemplar of this peculiarity of the national character; of this double nature, or racy mixture of the shrewd and prudential, with the enthusiastic. Like the hero of our true tale, Scott seems to have cherished, to the latest moments of his life, the memory of an unfortunate early attachment; though most unlike that excellent person in almost every feature of character, in which one good man can differ from another. It was our intention, at first, to tell this "True tale of a true love" in the form of a narrative; but upon second thought we shall give the original letters. One letter from Judge Thompson to the long-beloved, it would be sacrilege to touch.

LETTER I.

FROM A. D., MANCHESTER, TO H. W., ESQ., BANKER, LUDLOW.

Manchester, 29th Sept. 1842.

My dear Sir,—I am pretty sure you will be gratified with the perusal of what follows.

You know the town of Kirkcudbright, with its old castle, its quay, and its tall jail tower? Well, some sixty years ago or more, a group of playful children might be seen daily wending their way to and from Kirkcudbright school, their homes being two or three

[illegible]

...wealthy, our ancient friend, John Johnston, forwarded you a draft for her use, (say £20 sterling.) You will oblige me by sending occasionally a Galloway newspaper. After an absence of sixty years it does not appear that much change has taken place in the landed property in the stewartry, or in Wigtonshire. You are desirous to know my native place. My father was from Dalry, my mother from Borgue. Fortune brought them together about the middle of the last century, at the house of Mr. M'Millan, of Barwhinnock, in the parish of Twynholm. They were married there and went to live as cottars, with Mr. ——, of ——, who, I have often heard my mother say, was one of the cruellest and profanest of men. My parents soon left Lochfergus and went into Borgue, in the same humble capacity. There I was born on the 17th of July, 1765. After being some years at the parish school there, I was put to board at an uncle's, who farmed at Castlecreeve in the parish of Berwick,* and walked three miles daily, in the summer, to Mr. Gordon's school in Kirkcudbright. In the winter, I boarded at the house of Hugh Johnston, in the Milburn. I recollect a family of your name there, that were wrights. During several summers I passed the house of Adam Sharpe, Mary's father; and his children, of which Mary was the eldest, also went to Mr. Gordon's school. We generally went and returned together, and formed an attachment founded on the most innocent love and youthful friendship; and had I been heir to the fairest estate in Galloway, Mary would have had the offer of my hand; but alas! poverty was an insuperable bar, and we were children of about fourteen years of age. Mary's parents were both from Borgue, and there was only a few months' difference in our ages. I cannot consent to my friendly feeling to my schoolmate being made public. The good old bookseller is not to let the left hand know what the right hand doth. My means of liberality were all disposed of previous to my knowledge of Mrs. C.'s situation. I wish she could get her daughter to write a letter for her to me. I have, if my executors are honest—which I hope they are—secured to Mary £600, which will support her in comfort, and something be left to reward her daughter. My schoolmates that I recollect, were James Mitchel, son of the ancient Dr. Mitchel; Alexander Gordon, son of our schoolmaster; Thomas Bean, James Liddesdale, David McLellan, James, John and Robert Clarke, sons of Dr. Clarke. William Johnston and his brother John went to Mr. Mennoch's school. My health is such that I have little prospect of surviving the coming winter. Should it be so, I cannot complain; my days of pilgrimage have already surpassed the ordinary age allotted to man. My ancestry are truly plebeian, and my poor father, out of twenty years' penurious economy, laid up what paid for a steerage passage for me in a Glasgow ship to Jamaica, where I landed in May, 1782, a poor lad, unbefriended and penniless. I lived there fifteen years, and left in August, 1798. I was one of twenty-four young men who were my fellow passengers in the Glasgow ship; and have been for the last forty-two years the only survivor, and the only one that had saved any property worth notice. I have been two weeks writing this letter. Should you not again hear from me, you will hear of me from your friend John Johnston, who is very wealthy, and as respectable as any man can be. Since the death of my ancient friend Robert Lennox, he is the only one left to me in the city of New York. I am exhausted, and must finish. Truly your friend. (Signed.) WM. THOMPSON.

LETTER III.

BINGHAMPTON, *Broome Co., N. Y.*, 16 Oct. 1841.

Mr. JOHN RAE.

Dear Sir—By a letter from our mutual friend, John Johnston, Esq., he informs me that on the 29th ult. he has remitted to you, on my account, for the use of my dear friend, Mary Cunningham, a set of exchange for £21, 2s. 2d. sterling, which I doubt not will come to hand safe, and be duly honored. This sum I hope, together with the other little perquisite she at present enjoys, will place her in tolerable comfortable circumstances. Be so kind as to present to her my sincere love and regard; and [say] that she may depend on the like sum annually, during my life. I have also by will left her £600 sterling, payable in two years from my decease, interest annually. But, my dear sir, it would probably be best that little should be made public on this subject, as it might lead to the curtailment of her present comfortable location. She owes much to you. I hope you see her often. I am desirous to receive a letter from her; her daughter can act as amanuensis.

* * * * * *

I hope the good sense of Britain and the United States will perceive the advantages of peace. War between those states would disturb and retard the civilization of the whole human race. The human passions are yet far from being chastened by the mild precepts of our holy religion—Yours sincerely.

(Signed) WM. THOMPSON.

P. S. My health has been very poor for a year past. W. T.

Mr. JOHN RAE, 10 Charlotte Place, *Liverpool*.

LETTER IV.

FROM JUDGE THOMPSON TO MARY SHARPE, (MRS. CUNNINGHAM.)

BINGHAMPTON, *Broome Co. N. Y.* February 28, 1841.

MRS. MARY CUNNINGHAM—My early and most beloved friend: Mr. Rae's letter of the 20th of November, 1840, did not reach me until the 3d of February, 1841. In two days after it I remitted to my friend, John Johnston, Esq., of the city of New York, £10 sterling, for thy immediate relief, which he writes to me he has done. I was truly happy to learn that thee was still numbered with the living;

[illegible]

GENERAL BLUCHER.

GENERAL BLUCHER.

FROM APPLETON'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF NAPOLEON.

[illegible]

The Humorist.

[illegible]

Choice Selections.

ARE THEY ONLY DREAMS?

[illegible]

TIDIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

[illegible]

BEGINNING OF THE YEAR IN VARIOUS NATIONS.

[illegible]

LIFE—A DREAM.

[illegible]

A HUMBUG EXPLODED.

[illegible]

WARM WEATHER.

[illegible]

The Olio.

[illegible]

DR. D. JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM

[illegible]

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA

[illegible]

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

[illegible]